UPPER NEW YORK. Fortunes Told While You Watt-The Chief of the Band Has a House in Newark, but Prefers to Live in a Wagon-The

Rocal No Stranger to a Romany Baby. Between the Kingsbridge road and the Harlem River, a short distance this side of the bridge, a little band of gypsies has pitched camp in an apple orchard. They have been there for more than a fortnight now, and their stay is nearly over. Up to Sunday they had attracted but little attention from the public, probably from the unconspicuousness of their camp, which is shut off from the river by a little rise of ground, and is so far from the road that its tents and wagons would not be noticed unless one were looking for them. This was an unfortunate matter for the gypsies, who thrive in prortion to their visiting list, and they have been

feeling correspondingly cast down.

A change for the better came Sunday, however. A constant stream of visitors wandered down the winding sideway from the road or crossed the rowboat ferry from Fordham Heights and strolled across fields to the encampment. Once there, they wandered about, peering curiously into the wagons, watched with interest the very frank and open domestic arrangements of the camp, or sat on the hillside overlooking the scene and exchanged com-Caents upon the gypeics, who, gathered in groups were exchanging comments upon them. It was early Sunday afternoon when THE SUN re-



rter and an artist reached the camp, where they were received critically by a skirmish line

These dogs were of unimpressive size, with the exception of a fat black Newfoundland, but of astonishing activity. Upon perceiving two new arrivals approaching, they left off their examination of those who had already entered the orchard, and came scuttling out, to the number of about twenty, barking and yapping in a frenzy of excitement. Having approached markable celerity, spreading out in a half circle, while a very fat and wabbly individual, who eloiced in some of the attributes of the pug spegies, some of the spaniel, and a general perkiness uggestive of the terrier, besides various minor points characteristic of mongrei blood, loped forward to sniff at the heels of the newcomers. Whatever he found out, he communicated to the Newfoundland, who disseminated the information to the others in a series of explanatory yelps. It must have been satisfactory, for the yelns. It must have been satisfactory, for the entire outfit turned about and ambied back toward the camp, stopping just inside to witness a little turn-up between a short-eared mop of a dog and a yellow cur. Not content with inactive partisanship, the other animals joined in, one by one, until the whole pack was an inextricable mass of writhing fur, whence came wild yells and howls.
This contest excited so much interest among the awners of the dogs that the visitors wandered about the camp unnoticed, while the gypsies, with clubs and whips, busied themselves in guelling the disturbance.

ling the disturbance, or more than the fray was a powerful-looking or the handsome gypsy in a snowy white t. When the row was over he returned to lounging piace on the hillside and stretched on a blanket in picturesque idleness. Him artist selzed upon with avidity as a good ject, and proceeded to sketch him. In the ist of this operation the artist was inter-

A GYPST OUTFIT.

Impled by a series of chuckles just behind him. There, looking over his shoulder at the sketch, was a boy of ten or twelve years, and, as he looked, his chuckles expanded into a laugh, and the laugh into a rear, which so carried him sway that he lay down and writhed in ecstacles of overriment. At length, through his gasps of glee, could be heard the words "Tom Wells."

"Who is Tom Wells; are you?" asked the artist.

l ain't," responded the small boy, sober-n instanter. "That's Tom Wells you're

ing down instanter. "That's Tom Wells you're pictering."

Then he went off into another paroxysm, while the artist continued his "pictering." Presently the small boy stood up, and, addressing the reporter, said:

"I'm Johnny Smith."

"Is that so?" replied the reporter politely.

"Of course it's so," returned Johnny Smith, with some heat. "You don't s'pose I'd lie to you about a thing like that, do you? What'd be the use?" he added judicially after a pause.

"Are you a gypsy?" asked the reporter, noting with some doubt Johnny's neat suit of clothes, well kept shoes, and general lack of picturesque unkemptness, relieved only by a rather say handkerchief carelessly knotted shout his neck.

ot his neek. Yes, sir!" was the emphatic reply, given with such pride as if the speaker were claiming cont from Charlemagne. "I belong to the "Does Tom Wells belong to the tribe?" "Ob yes; we all belong to the tribe, everye body here in camp. Tom's the dude of th-



He keeps his hands clean, Tom does,

tents who was attempting to pull the ears off a white suppy, who bore the operation with admirable fortified.

"The just look at that dear, sweet, little thing," cried the roung woman in scatacies of designt. "Would the mether think I was trying to bewitch it if I took its pictures?

"Then't know," replied the young man to whom she had appealed. "I suppose they might think it was queer. They probably wouldn't know what a camera is. Better snap him now while he's playing."

So the fair camera owner cautionsly approached the little gypsy, and with soothing



words appropriate to the occasion beguiled his attention until she got the range right and pressed the button. Then that youngster, who was probably neither so young nor so unsophisticated as the bicyclist had supposed, remarked composedly:

"Tick it adain. I like to be tooked."
The laugh was on the camera artist. She retreated in some confusion, pursued by Johnny Smith, who had been watching the proceedings. He saproached the girl.

"My mother tells fortunea," he said.
"Indeed," said the girl, manceuvring with her camera in an uncertain manner.
"Oh, we don't mind having our pictures took," said Johnny, encouragingly, whereupon there was a snap of the machine. "My mother tells fortunes from your hand," he pursued. "She told a man's fortune a little while ago, and he fell down and broke his arm next day."

Allured by this brilliant prospect, the camera girl agreed to have her fortune told, and the rest of the party went along to see fair play and eventually to have their hands read after crossing the prophetess's palm with the inevitable silver piece. After they had been duly informed of the impending danger, the letter bearing good news from over seas, the dark enemy threatening bodily harm, the accident only to be escaped by constant watchfulness, and the other foretellings constituting the stock in trade of the palmist, Johnny took them in hand again and expatiated upon the power of chin music possessed by a young cousin of his, who, he added, would perform for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. The sum being forthcoming, the girl was produced and proceeded to discourse the chin music. This is not the chin music of the ordinary siang, but an ingenious rendering of tunes by clicking the teeth like castanets. The musician, a slender, black-haired, big-eyed gypsy maid of perhaps 14 years made her bow to the audience, nooked the thumb of her left band under her chin, spread out her fingers, hooked the thumb of her left hand



A VOYAGE TO MATACUMBIE.

A VOYAGE TO MATACUMBIE.

FECULIARITIES OF TRAVEL AMONG
THE FLORIDA KEYS.

A Hostile Schooner at Aschor-Leaded on a Deserted Seach at 5:00 on Small that fool Castain," the mast went on, but in much stronger language, "think he had made to the season of the redshould be the season of the redshould be to be landed on from the little steamer Mistetee, because the water in front is os shallow that she cannot come even near enough for her Capitals to call to one of the redshould to be landed on from the little steamer Mistetee, because the water in front is os shallow that she cannot come even near enough for her Capitals to call to one of the redshould to be little between the little steamer of the she cannot come even near enough for her Capitals to call to one of the redshould to be little between the little state of the little state of

go, sah, 'said the second,
"I does mos'ly do de carryin'here, sah," said
the third,
"Where is Prof. Perpail's house?" the new-

have no authority, and only desire to open the door for official negotiations."

"Well, you had better go to Gen. Butler, tell him the whole story, and that I say I cannot protect you, but will shut my eyes to anything he may do. Say this to Butler, but nothing to Grant or any one else, for if the feeling in Richmond is as hostile to us as it is said to be, you'll need to keep as much in the dark as possible. Now, good-by. I hope to see you again soon.

It was after midnight when I recounted the interview to Col. Jaquess, and told him we would take the City Point boat the following afternoon. It wanted several hours of sunset on the following day when the boat rounded to under the abrupt promontory which bears the name of City Point. A large flag was flying among the trees which crown the higher part of the headland, and making our way to it we asked for the headquarters of Gen. Grant.

AT GEN, GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.

light of an intruder; and it is not well to be an intruder on a vessel lying anchored two miles from shore, fool Captain, "the mate went on, but in much stronger language, "think he had nothing for his men to do but be lowering beat and he guessed it so forcibly and profanely that the stranger could see mothing before breakfast on Sanskay morning, He guessed he'd show him better than that;" and he guessed it so forcibly and profanely that the stranger could see mothing before him but the choice between being thrown overboard or being kept a prisoner on the schooner till the pines were ready to ship, the production of a consider which had not forgiten the old New York saying that "momey take." The production of a consider which had not forgiten the old New York saying that "momey take." The production of a consider which had not forgiten the old New York saying that "momey take." The production of a consider which he mate's forections manner, but it she he say over in the mate's forections manner, but it is the who would appreciate the loading of a part of the who would appreciate the loading of a part over in the mate's forections manner, but it is about and seemed a great hard to the concluded with the south of the production of a consider which he will be seen that dish, dash, da

"Oh, nothing," answered Mulford. "We have merely come along to exort these gentlemen."

The mingled surprise and deference that came into Oold's face and manner was a living witness to the remarkable shrewdness of Mr. Lincoln. The interview was very brief, for, though sent down to meet us by Mr. Davis, Col. Ould had not seen him, nor Rad he any authority to take us up to Richmond. We parted to meet again two days later, when Guld would conduct us into the angust presence of the grand mogul of the Southern Confederacy.

On the morning of Saturday, the 16th of July, just as the "Yankee" clocks in that part of the country were striking 9, taking Gen. Butler by the hand, I said to him:

"Good-by. If you do not see us within ten days you will know that we have 'gone up."

"If I do not see you within that time." he replied, "I'll demand you, and if they don't produce you, body and soul. I'll take two for one bester men than you—and hang them higher than Haman. My hand on that, Good-bye."

One boat ran into the fire of a Confederate that Haman. My hand on that, Good-bye." One boat ran into the fire of a Confederate that two solds and a vide k at a ferroon. mounted on two raw-boned relies of Sheridan's great raid, and armed with a white handkerchief tied to a short stick, we rode up to the rebellines. A rangest, yellow-faced boy, with a carbine in one hand and a white handkerchief, also tied to a short stick, in the other, came out to meet us.

A TRIUMPHANTLY UNSUCCESSFUL INTERVIEW WITH JEFF bAVIS.

The control of the co

AN ABORIGINAL FISH PEN.

WILLIAM L. STONE'S FIEW OF A

CURIOUS RUIN ON FISH CREEK. Walled Enclosure Which Centuries Age May Have Been Used for Trapping the Herring and Shad that Ron from the

Hudson Toward Saratoga Lake, To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: It is not known generally, even among the inhabitants of the immediate region, that there exists on the right bank of Fish Creek, the outlet of Saratoga Lake into the Hudson, a stone structure which evidently was once a fish pen, made by the Indians to catch the herrings and shad that formerly came up into Saratoga Lake. It is, however, of so interesting a nature, that I think it should receive publicity through the columns of THE SUN.

When I was at Saratega Springs in the summer of 1885, B. K. Viele, an old hunter who resides on the left or north bank of Fish Creek, called my attention to what he re-garded as an ancient Indian work. On the Seventy-third Illinois Regiment and myrelf set out from Washington to go through the lines or Richmond for this purpose. How we came to be the ambassadors is an interesting stery which I cannot stop here to tell. I had had several interviews with Mr. Lincoln with reference to the matter, and at the conclusion of the last of them he took my hand and said. "God bless and prosper you. My best wishes be with you. Good-by." Then he added, still holding my hand, "Have yor looked squarely in the face that if you get into trouble I can in no way help you? I shall be obliged to say that while I have given you the terms on which I am personally willing to settle this thing. I have not authorized you to offer these I answered. "I think the object, sir, is worth the risk. I shall tell Davis distinctly that I have no authority, and only desire to open the there is a gap of twenty-four feet. Connecting the ends of the semi-circle is a straight wall built close to the shore and at the foot of the slate bank or bluff, which is about twentytive feet high. Beyond the curve to the west and connected with this straight stone work extends another wall, the object of which is not apparent, unless it seried as a wharf. Near the centre of this shore wall, within the weir and on the edge of the embankment. is a stone post of curious form, deeply embedded in the wall, the nex being about three feet above the ground. Near the middle and on top of the wharf there is another stone, bearing evidence of having long withstood the rayages of time. It is two feet long and has on top a small round knob, worn smooth by friction. Its broad pedestal is surrounded by large stones, deeply planted, which hold it firmly at a sharp angle to the land.
On the day following my visit T. P. Butler

of Saratoga Springs, at my request, drove over to the spot and took the following meas-

